

# Brian Eno & David Byrne, I Feel My Stuff

I think I waited too long  
I'm moving into the dollhouse  
Some days we exercise  
Some days we harmonize  
Look away, look away, look away- oh yeah

Emily said she'd suddenly waken  
Look at that guy with the government coupon  
Yoo hoo, yoo hoo, gonna get you  
Japanese chairs in somebody's concert  
Telephone bills on the company paycheck  
Who knew?, who knew?, I do

Emily lost her mobile phone  
Last nights dance on a bumpy road  
I won't go out in the cold  
Lebanese Chinese in my school  
Imagine who can make you cool  
Who's gonna pay for this call?

The cheapest dog, the hottest sun, the fiercest cat & the meanest gun  
You got to hold the peelings in your hands, baby  
It's a safety belt, it's a Christian crime, a rocket ship, it's a joke of mine  
I took away the day that I'd be gone- shoot!

Lebanese take their sailors home  
The broken stuff in the outer wall  
I'm sticking out in the road  
Memorize toilets, Chang Mai School  
I like my song but I lost my cool  
I need my laser, don't move

Put him in the ground where the Duchess grows  
Where the word is true and the girls are strong  
Gonna stuff it, step it, pick it, going bye  
Take another life of a wretched soul  
When they get too high where the bushes grow  
& They rope it, squeeze it, push it side to side

The chicken shack, the rising sun, the written word in a foreign tongue  
You got to hold it all before it drops, baby  
It's a little bit, it's a lot inside, it's a bigger thing than YOU can hide  
I took away the parts that need controlling

Hooligans jump in the budget sign  
In the tropic zone, where the fix is fine  
Gonna chase it, place it, face it with my eye  
Stinky little bird in a dirty tree  
Gonna figure out it's your lucky day  
If ya smell it, sell it, tell it to my ear

Lowered in the ground where the Duchess grows  
Where the word is true and the girls are strong  
Gonna stuff it, step it, pick it, going bye  
Take another life of a wretched soul  
If they get too high where the bushes grow  
& They rope it, squeeze it, push it side to side

(I'm sayin') I feel my stuff  
I get enough  
I come back to be stronger  
I feel my stuff  
I changed my luck  
I come back to be stronger

